

—8— THE HUNTING OF HERRES.

THE NEEDS OF A MASTER SLEUTH

True Record of the Achievements
of John Wilson Murray, One of
the Most Famous Detectives of
Modern Times—By Geo. T. Pardy.

J. K. Herres, Jr., of the town of Elmira, county of Waterloo, Canada, was a dapper young man of sanctimonious countenance, and the possessor of a long silken, black mustache with drooping ends of which he was excessively proud. By profession he was a school teacher, and his father kept a country store and was reputed to be well-to-do. When the younger Herres was not engaged in improving knowledge to juveniles or singing German songs, he was fond of fitting about the country in search of amorous adventures, being what is generally known as a "ladies' man." He was by no means a favorite with the male contingent, for his effeminate, lackadaisical manners were not calculated to endear him to the average man.

Indeed, he was much of a fop in appearance that one would never imagine him to be marked for the central figure in a stirring event where a whole town turned out to rescue him, his captor, John Wilson Murray, backed against a wall with Herres at his feet, stood prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible. His father did not sympathize with the son's manner of enjoying his leisure, and the young man's purse-strings were not loosened to any great extent in order to provide the black-haired Lothario with funds. Yet the pleasures to which Mr. Herres, Jr., was devoted called for a considerable sum of money, and he was not above a certain stage of his love affairs was the stumbling block over which his feet were destined to slip.

On a fine summer's day in 1887 young Mr. Herres sauntered into the office of John Cavers, manager of the Imperial bank of Galt, Ontario, and presented notes to the value of \$500. The notes were signed by Peter Leweller, a neighbor of the Herres family, and the other by Herres' father. They totaled \$900, and Mr. Cavers discounted them. Herres vanished with the money and shortly afterward old man Herres and Peter Leweller pronounced their signatures to be forgeries. No trace could be found of the fascinating J. K. Herres, who had presumably sought fresh fields and pastures new as soon as he had secured the necessary cash. The officials of the Imperial bank immediately took steps to hunt down the fugitive, and Detective John Wilson Murray was sent for and the case placed in his hands.

After an interview with Manager Cavers, Murray proceeded to Berlin, the nearest seat of Waterloo, and prepared extradition papers, for from inquiries he had made he felt certain that Herres had sought asylum in the United States. He also held counsel with John Klippert, the chief constable of Waterloo, a broad old German who was considered one of the best police officers in the Dominion. Klippert knew the missing man well by sight, and was able to give the detective a good description of him. "Shon," said Klippert impressively, "you will know him two ways; one by his chet black hair and one by his ding-dong mustaches. He has some of the finest mustaches you ever see. They flow down like Niagara Falls, and they, too, are chet black."

"But it's altogether likely that he has faded them off," remarked Murray. "When you will know them by the place they used to be," said Klippert. "And remember—they are chet black." Murray set the telegraph wires working all over the country for a trace of his man. At length he learned that the fugitive had a cousin who was a lawyer at White Cloud, in Minnesota, and that Herres had been in correspondence with this man, whose address was found in an old copy of the White Cloud Press. A visit to White Cloud was plainly in order for Murray, and on Sept. 28 he started for St. Paul. On arrival in the latter city he went to police headquarters, interviewed Commissioner Spencer and prepared the necessary warrant for Herres' arrest, provided that he was to be found. He also called upon an old acquaintance, United States Marshal Campbell of White Cloud, a prominent man in that part of the country. Campbell gave the Canadian officer a letter to Congressman C. F. McDonald of White Cloud, whom the marshal said would be able to render his friend valuable assistance in locating the fugitive. Armed with this document, Murray went to White Cloud and looked up the cousin of Herres.

He learned from neighbors that the cousin had a visitor some time before, a dapper fellow with a remarkably fine mustache. The stranger had tarried only a few days and then driven away. Murray called on Congressman McDonald, and was given letters of introduction to prominent people within a radius of 200 miles. Part of the surrounding country was but thinly settled at that time, and the detective began a careful, systematic search throughout the region for the gentleman with the luxuriant mustache.

For two days and nights Murray made flying trips from point to point, snatching an occasional hour's rest as best he might. For there were clues in plenty, tales of men with black mustaches and elegant dress, and in various parts of the country; but none of these turned out to be the much-desired Herres. Yet the silken adornment of the fugitive's upper lip was unquestionably a safe sign to identify him, as Murray reasoned, if Herres had not shaved it off during the earlier days of his flight when concealment was so desirable, his vanity would prevent its sacrifice at a stage when he was beginning to feel tolerably safe. At length, however, Murray found himself back at his original starting point of White Cloud, without having located his man. Then he learned of a settlement of Germans at a place called Little Falls, and remembered what he had heard regarding Herres' fondness for German songs. Also there was a man in White Cloud who asserted that Herres had a relative in the settlement in question. Determined not to overlook the slightest clue to the defaulter's hiding place, Murray set out for Little Falls, which is several hundred miles distant from St. Paul, and arrived there on Oct. 4.

He found Little Falls to be a place of about 1,000 inhabitants, and made a house to house canvass in search of his quarry, but found no trace of him. He was about to return to White Cloud when the school-teaching side of Herres came again to his mind, and he proceeded to visit the schools. The result was unsatisfactory; Herres was not engaged in educating the younger generation of Little Falls. But there were several country schools, and Murray paid a visit to a storekeeper who was one of the school trustees. This man informed him that there had been some new teachers recently hired. The latter official proved accommodating, and inquired of the storekeeper the names of the teachers who had been hired. Murray said that he did not know their names.

The clerk stated that two new teachers had been appointed to little rural schools about forty miles out in the country, both of whom were new arrivals in that section of the state, but neither was named Herres.

Murray decided to visit the two new teachers, and also determined to obtain a companion who knew the country round about, in order that there might be as little delay as possible in making the trip.

There was a big fellow named Richardson in the town, who held a sort of commission as town policeman or constable, and the detective, without disclosing the real object of his journey, asked him to accompany him on a hunt for prairie chickens, of which there was a plentiful supply in the woodlands. Richardson was delighted with the notion and asserted that Murray could not have picked out a better guide, as he had been born there and knew the surrounding country like a book. Murray hired a splendid team from a liveryman, consisting of a light cracky wagon and a pair of spirited horses. He also procured a shotgun, cartridge belt and two valuable dogs, the better to carry out the idea of the supposed hunting trip.

On Wednesday, October 5, the two men started and drove about twenty miles on the first stage of the journey, halting to breakfast at a crossroads. Here Murray saw fit to inform his companion of the real object of their journey, and the latter protested vigorously. He did not relish the idea of substituting serious business for pleasure, and change from a jolly hunter of fowl to a solemn-faced and much-disgusted policeman, still with considerable reluctance, he consented to go on, and they proceeded to the first school to

ing. He drew a bundle of imposing-looking documents from his pocket, glanced over them and selected one with seeming care.

"Kneel down," he commanded Richardson, with a burlesque air of authority. "I'll swear you in right now—and then disrobe me at your peril." Richardson hesitated a moment and then knelt down among the briars. Holding the official looking paper over his head Murray slowly mumbled the form of an awe-inspiring oath.

"Do you swear," he asked solemnly at the conclusion of the adjuration. "I do," responded Richardson. "Then get up and come with me," ordered Murray, and Richardson, arising, walked humbly beside his newly appointed chief to the schoolhouse. They pushed open the door and entered. There stood the teacher, dapper and with drooping mustaches, but instead of being "chet-black" his hair and mustache were brown. In every other particular he answered the description of the missing man. He was a bleached Herres. Murray stepped forward and just then the suspect raised his hand and twirled his mustache nervously. That one action clinched the identification in the officer's mind. It was surely Herres. There were about thirty children, mostly girls, in the room, and they eyed the strangers curiously.

"Teacher, how long have you been here?" asked Murray. "For some time, ever since school opened," he replied in a sing-song voice. "What is your name?" "John Walker," replied the teacher. "When will you leave Canada?" inquired the detective. "I have never been in Canada in my life."

They were about to leave the school when the teacher's eyes fell upon a book lying on the desk. It was a book which lay on the teacher's desk. All of them were marked John Walker. "Are you a German?" asked Murray. "Yes, I am German," was the reply. "John Walker is not a German name," commented Murray. The teacher only smiled. Murray turned upon him with a menacing frown. "You are from Canada," he said sternly. The teacher raised his hands in indignation. "I am not," he exclaimed, and, turning to the children, addressed them rapidly in German. "Run quickly and bring your fathers here at once," said he. "Tell them there are robbers here and to fetch along their guns."

Unfortunately for the successful carrying out of these instructions Murray understood German perfectly, and executed a counter stroke. "Stand by that door and don't let anyone out," he said to Deputy Marshal Richardson, who took up his station as ordered. The frightened children began to cry aloud. "That's right," shrieked their teacher, "scream as loud as you can. Keep on shouting for help."

The scholars obeyed promptly. They howled aloud in united chorus, and the sound of their voices drifted far away on the air. Murray stepped over to the teacher.

"You come with me," he ordered calmly. "I will not," responded the man, savagely, tearing off his coat and throwing himself into an attitude of defiance.

The next instant Murray was upon him with a tiger-like spring, and caught his shoulders in a grip of iron. Despite his apparently slight build, Herres proved to be wonderfully active and strong. He writhed and wriggled with cat-like agility, struggling desperately and coiling his legs around the detective. As Murray's sinewy hands forced him relentlessly backward, his knees gave way suddenly and he went down with his assailant on top. Even on the floor he continued to resist, and it was not until Murray compressed his ribs in a girdle that threatened to break

them, that he relaxed his efforts to free himself.

"Keep the children in," said Murray to Richardson, as he hauled his protesting captive to the door, "and don't move until I fire a shot, then run as fast as you can to the wagon."

Outside the school house Herres, having recovered his breath to some extent, again began to resist furiously, but by this time Murray's blood was up and he handled his troublesome captive with such tremendous energy that Herres collapsed and submitted to be handcuffed without showing any more fight. Murray dragged him to the wagon and tied him securely to a wheel while he hitched up the horses. That done, he lifted his prisoner into the wagon and fired the warning shot as a signal to Richardson to leave his post.

Never was a signal more promptly obeyed. Richardson was only too glad to be relieved from his duties, and came bounding across the space intervening with the speed of a race horse. Out of the schoolhouse rushed the crowd of excited children, screaming for help and running in all directions. Half way to his goal Richardson tripped over a briar bush and fell, but was up in an instant and reached the wagon panting.

"You have had a fine run for your money, deputy," laughed Murray. "But we haven't any time to lose. Whip up those horses and drive like the devil to the nearest railway station. Those German farmers will be swarming around here like bees presently, and I don't want any argument with them." Richardson grasped the reins, his whip-lash hissed through the air and the horses plunged forward on the road.

"Get back, you bounds," he shouted, as he stood at bay, flourishing his guns, one man against the whole town. As he leveled the gleaming tubes and took careful aim in anticipation of the rush of the antagonists, there was a sudden commotion in the mob of the crowd, and a big, athletic fellow burst through the opposing line.

"What's up?" he asked in stentorian tones, as his eyes took in the scene—the braying school teacher, lying handcuffed at his captor's feet, the surging crowd and the undaunted Murray, standing erect against the station wall with a revolver in each hand.

The newcomer's hands flew to his hip pockets. Out flipped two guns as he sprang over beside the detective and backed up against the wall. "A thousand thanks," he roared. "By God, but you're a game man!" He looked out of two fearless blue eyes at the angry faces of the crowd. "Come on, you cowardly villains," he shouted. "Come on. Who wants to be the first man to die?"

It was a superb climax; the man was a veritable whirlwind in his way. "I'm Quinn, sheriff of this next county," he said rapidly to the detective. "What's it all about?" "I am an officer from St. Paul, and these people are after my prisoner," replied Murray.

"Are they indeed," quoted Sheriff Quinn, truculently. "Well, they don't get him." He turned fiercely on the crowd. "Get back. Back up there," he shouted. "Back up or I'll back you up. One—two—" he counted, waving his guns. The crowd began to give, and the space in front of the officers grew rapidly as Quinn counted, until nothing remained of the great crowd saving a few curious individuals who stayed at a respectful distance. Murray shook hands with his rescuer, and turning to the telegraph operator told him to take a dispatch as he dictated it, and send it at once. As they stood, revolvers in hand, backed up against the station beside the telegraph office, a telegram went to Marshal Campbell of St. Paul, stating that Murray and his prisoner would arrive in that city by the next train, which Quinn said was due to reach there at 1 o'clock in the morning.

"Ex-Deputy" Richardson then came up and Murray gave him the shotgun and also the money to pay the liveryman from whom the rig had been hired, and the unwilling assistant drove away, congratulating himself on being through with a most distasteful experience. Sheriff Quinn stood by his new-found friend until the train arrived, when he boarded it and rode with Murray to the third station beyond, where he left the detective with a hearty handshake and a laugh in response to the latter's thanks. The school teacher had subsided into sullen silence, perhaps realizing how close he had been to death on that station platform. Marshal Campbell met captor and captive at the train at 1 o'clock in the morning at St. Paul.

"This is Herres," said Murray to the marshal.

The school teacher protested at once. "My name is not Herres; my name is John Walker," he said angrily. "You'll find somebody will have to pay for this."

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"Are you certain that he is really Herres?" inquired the marshal.

"I am not quite certain, but fairly sure," replied Murray. "His hair is lighter, but I'll be responsible."

Campbell looked up the school teacher. The so-called John Walker immediately sent for Colonel Kerr of St. Paul to defend him. He also engaged a fighting liveryman named Ryan, who wanted to get a change of venue for his client. Murray had Baxter as his counsel. In making out the affidavit for the application for a change of venue his lawyer swore the school teacher to it. When he signed it Campbell and Murray eagerly glanced at the paper. The signature, on which so much depended, was J. K. Herres, and, glad that their judgment was vindicated, the marshal and detective shook hands and went out for a drink. It was a tremendous load off Murray's mind. The British government court denied the change of venue, sought on the unjust allegation that Commissioner Spencer was a friend of Canada officers.

Then began the battle for extradition, which was destined to be fought to a finish. Herres was committed for extradition, and his cousin in White Cloud joined forces with Colonel Kerr and Mr. Ryan. His counsel applied for a writ of habeas corpus before Judge Nelson. It seemed that when Judge Nelson's father was judge of the supreme court a man named Kare had killed some one in Ireland and escaped to Minnesota. The British government sought to extradite him, and the case was carried to the supreme court, which held that it was necessary to have the

"Save me, save me!" he shrieked piercingly. "I am being kidnapped!" It will be murdered by these ruffians. Help good people, help!"



THE WHOLE TOWN TURNED
OUT TO RESCUE HIM.

His frantic howls had due effect and roused the entire settlement. Sturdy Germans gathered from all sides and the crowd grew rapidly. Herres continued to yell with all the power of his voice and lungs, and an angry, responsive murmur arose from the crowd. Matters were beginning to look serious, and Murray moved back against the side of the station, keeping the school teacher beside him.

"Get busy, Richardson, and keep that crowd back," ordered the detective, but the "deputy" was plainly scared and would have nothing further to do with the proceedings.

"I'm through with this business and resign as deputy marshal," he said positively, and Murray saw that he could expect no more aid from his unwilling follower.

The crowd drew in closer. Also there were fresh arrivals, mounted men, with red, angry faces, who came galloping into town, and it was evident that these latter were farmers who had followed the wagon trail in response to their children's tale of the struggle in the school house. They dismounted and all pressed the assembled mob, relating the story told by the children. The effect was alarming, for the crowd surged forward with threatening cries.

Murray had the shotgun and a revolver, with another revolver in his pocket. He discarded the shotgun and drew a second revolver. All the while the school teacher kept haranguing the crowd, begging them to rescue him and Lynch his captor. The angry mob pressed yet closer and surrounded the station, but hesitated before the deadly pointing revolvers, backed by the glittering menace of Murray's resolute eyes.

"Give up that man, you infernal kidnaper," demanded one of the leaders. "The first man of you who puts a hand on him or makes a move in his tracks," was Murray's response. "Help, help, do not let an innocent man be taken away and murdered!" shrieked the school teacher.

The crowd surged forward in response to his appeal, and it was evident that this time they meant business. Murray drew a deep breath and set his teeth. There was no thought of yielding, no mind, although death was staring him in the face. On one thing he decided—if he went down under the trampling feet of the mob his captive would be lying on the ground also, with a bullet in his brain.

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S.S.S. CURES RHEUMATISM

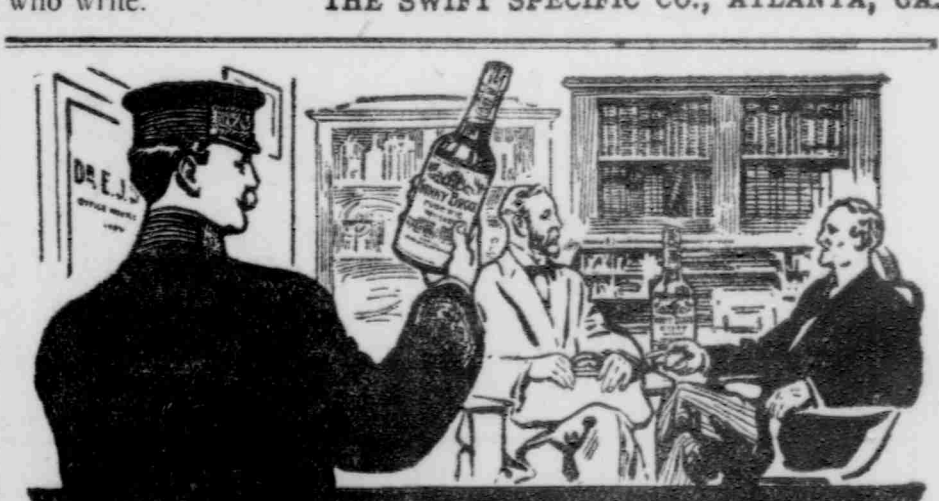
In this short talk we want to tell you something about the cause of Rheumatism, and what is necessary for its cure. We hope to be able to show you exactly what brings the disease about, and then to tell you, in a plain, honest way, just why S. S. S. cures it.

Rheumatism is really an internal inflammation—a diseased condition of the blood cells which supply the nourishment and strength necessary to sustain our bodies. The disease is caused by an excess of uric acid in the blood, which gets into the circulation because of indigestion, constipation, weak kidney action, and other irregularities of the system, which are sometimes considered of no importance. This uric acid produces an inflamed and acrid condition of the blood, and the circulation, instead of nourishing the different portions of the body, continually deposits into the nerves, muscles, joints and bones the irritating pain-producing acid with which it is filled. Then follow the painful and torturing symptoms of Rheumatism. The very life and vitality of the blood is being destroyed by the uric acid poison, and every muscle, nerve and sinew of the body suffers in consequence.

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president issue an executive mandate to give the commissioner power to try the case.

The counsel for Herres claimed that the proceeding in the Herres case was irregular, and Judge Nelson discharged Herres. Murray's counsel appealed from the decision of Judge Nelson and carried it to the circuit court before Judge Brewer, later of the supreme court of the United States. Judge Brewer wrote a long opinion reversing Judge Nelson's judgment and ordering the prisoner back into Murray's custody. The case is an authority in extradition cases, and is recorded in Federal Reports of the United States, number 83, page 255.

The matter was fought out through the courts in November and December, 1887. At last the warrant of arrest arrived, and on Jan. 10, 1888, Murray departed from St. Paul with "Chet-black" Herres, and handed him over to the authorities of Berlin, Ontario, on Thursday, Jan. 12. Herres' bloodstained shirt was found on the spring assigned, and was convicted and sentenced on March 20 to seven years in Kingston penitentiary, where his long flowing mustache vanished before the razor of the prison barber.

He has bleached his "chet black" hair with buttered dye, which gave it a nasty tinge of yellow. An action he started against the sheriff in St. Paul failed. Instead of repining damages through suing the Minnesota officer, J. K. Herres found himself reaping the fruits of his knavery within the gloomy

walls of the penitentiary. And not the least of his sorrows was the cruel loss of that "chet black" mustache. (Next week: "Through Quicksand for Dobbin.")

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